NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIVE TEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY. By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED. In Two Volumes. 12mp. pp. 413, 452. George P. Putham.

These velumes have a two-fold purpose, first, the glorification of the author, and secondly, a defense of the educational system of the English Universities. In the first attempt, they are perfectly successful; in the other, they exhibit signal failure. The author loses no occasion to trumpet forth his own merits. His petty experience as a school boy and student is set forth with ludicrous grandiloquence. He treats us to the most trivial details of his career, not excepting the tie of his neck cloth, and the variations of his digestion. The University is nothing but an opaque body to reflect the ineffable splendors of Mr. Charles Bristed. What claims he presents to such a monopoly of admiration is not apparent from these volumes. We should infer from them (and we have no other means of judging) that the writer possessed a weak and perous texture of mind, greedily absorbing what ever floats in the atmosphere of fashion, with no principle of rejection-a dainty taster of old wine and old books, regarding them both on the same level-infected with morbid and effeminatetastes both in literature and society-and rejoicing in a moderate amount of erudition, with a very slight proportion of common sense. In short, in the union of pedantry and puppetry he is without a rival among the modern aspirants to literary distinction.

His book, however, contains some amusingdescriptions. Even its vanity and egotism, which blind its author to all sense of reserve and propriety, give it a sort of verdant, boyish freshness. It is written in perfect good faith; Mr. Bristed never doubting for a moment that he is a no less wonderful personage in the eyes of his readers th an he is in his own. This consummate vanity in some measure supplies the place of talent. It gives frankness and garrulity at least, and to some extent relieves the style of the insipidity which it would otherwise possess.

We may thank this quality for a lively picture of the interior of an English University; although the portrait awakens no very intense desire to become more familiar either with the artist or the original. It seems that this Mr. Bristed started on his literary career at Yale College, where during the first year, he did little but read novels and attend debating societies, worried through the mathematical course in the second; and finally obtaining two or three classical prizes, graduated, intending, "with God's help, to be a clergyman"-Heaven save the mark !- and resolved to spend some time at a foreign University. But afraid to expose his ignorance abroad, his courage failed him at starting; and he took up his quarters at New-Haven as a resident graduate—a strange animal in those parts. Here he did little but run up a bill for cakes, ice-cream and sherry cobblers. Becoming disgusted with his mode of life, he packs his trunk, makes the best of his way to England, and finally brings up at the University of Cambridge. In this renowned seat of learning he is entered as a Fellow-Commoner, a class of students consisting of young men of fortune who pay twice as much for anything as anybody else. pit at the best table in the dining-hall, and in the highest seat at the chapel, wear a gold laced gown and a velvet cap with a silver tassel and are charged at the rate of \$2,500 or \$4,000 a year. One of the first experiences of our American Fellow Commoner at Cambridge is de-

Some of the Fast men among the Fellow-Commoners and their toadies, whose love of deviltry was much greater than their wit, as soon as they heard of my nationality, determined to have some fun out of me, and accordingly invited me to various entertainments with the laudable intention of maximum through the sound of t ing me drunk and otherwise putting me through my paces. But these fellows gave me very little from le: I may say it without vanity, for getting the better of them in any thing which required the smallest exertion of mens was like being first in a donkey-race. In all reparties and wordy warfare I gave them quite as much as they could manage. As to the fluids, I had the fortunate or unfortunate natural gift, not unimproved by practice, of a rather strong head, and could inhibe a pretty good share, ing me drunk and otherwise putting me through my strong head, and could imbine a preity good share, even of the vilanously coctored Cambridge wines, without disturbing my beddy or mental equilibrium so that the men who had promised themselves the treat of sering a cranken Yankee, only made themselves very comfortably tipsy in their attempts to inboricate me, especially as I was too prudent to rely entirely on my natural capacities without having recourse to an occasional artifice. On one special occasion, I resoluent there was a dead set made at me, almost every one present out of fourteen chaers challenged me to drink repeatedly. I stuck to the Hock-or, more critically speaking, to something in a green bottle—the bottle and glass were colored, that was the main point, the colored glass enabled me to fill and empty, in appearance, many times that was the main point, the estored guess enabled me to fill and empty, in appearance, misny times while in reality I only poured out and tasted a few drops; the result of which stranger m was that two or three of the party put themselves completely hors du combat, and were deeply impressed with a sense of my capacity.

Here we have a generalized sketch of a Cam bridge student's life :

To a vegetarian, a tectotaller, a "eupeptic" of any sort, (lovely names these are, and show a subany sort, (lovely names these are, and shown subtime taste in the people who invented and use
them) and, I fancy, to a New Englander generally,
the Cantab's life would not appear the most regalar, nor the kind of one best acapted to promote
health, strength, and longevity. He is never up
before half past six in the morning, and seldom in
bed before twelve at night, ite eats a hearty dinner of snimal food at 4 r. n., drinks strong malt
hquors with it, and not unfrequently strong wine
after it. He is not shy of suppers and punch. He
often starts himself for his marning's work with the
stimulus of a cigar. He reads nine hours a day on
a "spirt" the fortnight before examination, writes
seven hours a day or more against time during the seven hours a day or more against time during the examination week, and the week after that does

examination week, and the week after that does mothing but joilify.

Yet this very man takes better care of himself and has a more philosophical system of living than many a conscientious and pains taking accelie, who has speat half his life in declaming against the wickedness of alcohol and tobacco. For eight or nine months of the year he is in a regular size of training, if he had to walk a majob, the only change necessary would be for him to drink a little less. His seven hours of sleep (a nather searty quantity, but enough for most men in good health) are always the name seven hours of the night. The sponge bath and horse hair glove are among the regular and daily accessories of his toilet. His breakfast is light and simple—a buttered roil and a cup of tea—and daily accessories of his toilet. His breakfast is light and simple—a buttered roll and a cup of tea—and when he is at it he does not worsy himself about anything else. He is discreet in his position when at work, and knowing that he has to stoop forward in writing at the examinations, does most of his reading leaning back in his arm chair or standing at a bigh desk where he strengthens his legs and eases his chest at the same time. After he has dired you could not bribe him to engage in any exertion of body or mind for at least two hours. The most he will do us to lounge to the Union and read the papers, or he may look over some easy and familiar book is his own rooms. But above all, his exercise is as much a daily necessity to him as his food, and by exercise he does not understand driving in a carriage, strolling about, or even playing billiards. by exercise he does not understand driving in a carriage, strolling about, or even playing billiards. "Constitutionals" of eight miles in less than two heurs, varied with jumping hedges, ditches, and gates: "pulling" on the river, cricket, football, riding twelve miles without drawing bridle, all combinations of issueuler exertion and fresh air which shake a man well up and bring big drops from all his pores, are what he understands by his two hours' exercise. See one of these men stripped two hours' exercise. See one of these men stripped and observe the healthy state of his skin-that is enough to demonstrate that he is in good condition, even should you overlook his muscular develop-

even should you overlook his muscular developments.

The staple exercise is walking; between two and four all the roads in the negaborhood of Cambridge—bat is to say within four miles of it—are covered with men taking their constitutionals.—Langer walks, of twelve or fifteen miles, are frequently taken on Sundays or days succeeding an examination. The standard of a good walker, is to have gone, not once, but repeatedly, fifteen miles in three kours, without special training or being the worse for it next day. A number or my acquaintances professed to be able to do this. After walking cemes boating or "pulling," which is the sport par excellence of an English University, as sword exercise is of a German, (this was the illustration given me by a man who had been at both.) The men put themselves into extra training for the Spring races, eschew pastry, (which an Englishman never takes much of at any time, generally eating cheese where an American does pie) and confine

themselves to a small quantity of liquid, usually mait liquor, during the day. Besides these ranes, the Cam is always full, during the warm season, of men pulling up and down, sometimes one, sometimes were in a boat. Two Smith's Prizemes and one Senior Chassic were prominent nonting men during the three years from 42 to 45. Chickel, football, fiver, all games of ball in short, are popular in their season. There is not so much riding as might be supposed, considering that there is not one Englishman in five hundred of the University 3 mg classes, who cannot ride and does not like to. The expense is the reason generally alleged, and under the circumstances it shows more self-denial than University men usually have the reputation of. There is sufficient businers, however, for five or six livery stables, those who keep their own horses being mostly the Noviemen and Fellow Commoners, and a few of the Fellows. Englishmen have a patent for making any sort of horse leap, and when your Cantab gets on a hired horse, with his own spurs, to take perhaps the first ride he has hat for three months, the amount he will get out of him is incredible, and the smount he eets out of himself somewhat remarkable. Trecollect once being, with some other men, nine hours on horseback, during when time we took no refreshment and did not once dismount. The whole distance ridden was not more than forty miles, but having to wait some hours for the steeple chase we went to see fand some of the leaps in which we took) our animals had the pleasure during that interval of walking about with us themselves to a small quantity of liquid, usually the steeple chase we went to see (and some of the leaps in which we took) our animals had the pleasure during that interval of walking about with us on their backs. When there is ice enough, which does not happen every winter, the Cantabs are great skaters, and stories are told of their performances in this live which I will not repeat, for they sound very large and I could not positively authenticate them. There is a certain amount of fending and sparring practiced, more of the latter than the former, not a great deal of either. It is almost a sine gua non for a Cantab's exercise, that it should be in the open air. He never minds the weather, or thinks of putsing off his constitutional because it rains.

The remainder of the volume is taken up with a long-winded account of the author's unsuccessful attempt to gain university honors, ram. bling commentaries on classical education, a defense of the English system as compared with the American, and a portentous collection of old college themes, essays, exercises in Greek and Latin, and mathematical questions, of no earthly use or interest except to a few educators by profession. But if everything useless and puerile were eliminated from the work, it would be reduced to so small a compass as to afford but feeble satisfaction to the ambition of the author.

MUTTERINGS AND MUSINGS OF AN INVALID. 12mo. pp. 281. John S. Taylor.

A more truly descriptive title could not have been chosen for this odd volume. It is a series of groans, growls, sneers and snarls, which no man with a sound digestion could indulge in. As an accompaniment to its general harshness of tone, it has occasional strains of gay humor, with passages of brilliant fancy and some fair esthetic criticisms. The writer, who no doubt has gone to his long home by this time, (for it is several months since his book first made its appearance,) shows a good deal of literary culture, a very commendable freedom of thought, and a mildly audacious way of speaking his mind, which, if it did not savor so much of the querulous fretfulness of the sick man, would command respect for its independence. But the work is based on an erroneous theory, and does injustice both to the author and to the public. Instead of using the suggestions which the leisure of a sick chamber might furnish, and working them up into a decent presentable shape, it brings for ward bodily, and in the crudest manner, all the distempered visions and grim, bloodless, spectral apparitions which are engendered in the wild fantasies of disease. This of course involves the constant exercise of egotism. The present mutterer discloses all his mental hallu. cinations with the same fondness with which the vulgar invalid retails his corporeal symptoms. A fresh, healthy egotism, like that of Montaigne and Charles Lamb, we admit, is not without a certain charm; but the "subjective revelations" of a professed dyspeptic, and a grumbler at that, are not precisely the materials for a refreshing volume. Still, this work contains a good deal of readable matter-it has a vein of excellent feeling, after all, beneath its bristling, porcupinish exterior-it sometimes makes a capital bit with its trenchant satireand will doubtless be preserved among the curiosities" of American literature.

Here is a specimen of his "bark, worse than his bite." No wonder that he speaks feelingly on the subject of

Pills, for sooth have I not been gulping them down continually, for the last quarter of a century? creds of thousands of them, of all sorts, size denominations! Blue, Life, Heatth, Dinner, I verily believe that I have stida, Paradise Pills fented, Paradise Pills! I verily believe that I have tessed down more of these balls into my stomach than there were votes polled at the last feneral election—yes, more than there were ever confetti thrown at the gayest Carmival of Rome. I have no doubt that at this moment they are sticking about in the coats of my stomach, thicker than capers on a leg of mutton. Pills, say you! ay, and powders too—have I not swallowed powders enough to make a first-I not swallowed powders enough to make a first-class said-bank! Have I not swilled down saline class sard-bank! Have I not swilled down saline and bitter draughts enough to float the navy of Enough Name to me, if you can, a cough drop that I have not tried; a cough candy that I have not sucked—or any gum, paste, root, syrup, lineture, that has not crossed the threshold of my stomach—Wintergreen, Camomile, Valerian, Hoarhound, Liverwort, Sarsaparilla, have I not sued to them all in vain! Have I not blowed down and worshiped at the shrines, first of Aliopathy, then of Homeopathy, and finally, of Hydropathy! Have I not all sammer lorg been soaking in wet sheets, and tossing down multitudinous tumblers of Crolon? Have I not crouched down in sitz baths of all temperatures? what part of my poor carcass has not been a target what part of my poor carcass has not been a target for the contents of douche-pipes of all calibers? and has it not turned out a sovereign, a stupendous hum-

He is also sensitive to the horrors of a bore, and especially

A BORE WITH ONE IDEA.

What a dose I have been taking! not of the usual kind, however.

has been in to see me, and has almost talked me to death—for two long mortal has almost talked me to death—for two long mortal hours has be been ratiling away, with his usual ardor and fluercy, about what! Why, no less a theme than the uses and capabilities of India-rubber. You than the uses and capabilities of India-rubber. You would have really supposed, from his tone and manner, that there was nothing left under the canopy of heaven but the great gom—that all the trees and shrubs of earth had given place to the syrings tree, and that the whole human race were, or ought to be, hard at work, securing the precious sap. As to inserting a word edgewise, either in the way of approbation or of remembrance, it was quite out of the question. Now, is it not too bad! What right has a man to monopolize the conversation thus! What right has he thus to unburden himself of his thoughts, however weighty they may may be, without the singhtest reference to the taste, or habits, or character of the person whom he is andressing! Why, what in the name of old Nicholas and all his imps, to I care about India rubber! What's catoutchout one, or 1 to caoutchout, that he should here use what in the name of old Nicholas and all his imps, to I care about India rubber? What's catoutchout to me, or I to caoutchout, that he should bere me thus! To make the matter worse, I was feeling tolerally comfortable this morning, and had absolutely torgotten may poor, sorry self, in the divine pages of Minon—and to be disturbed in this unreasonable, unseasonable manner, to be literally hauled down from the seventh heaven of invention, to the low and growling things of earth. I am out of all patience, I quarted not with the gum, it is a good thing in its way—by no means the least of the gilts of the great Giver—let us use it, then, gratefully and intelligently, let us make the most of it in the way of coats, covers, best, bottles and knapsacks. If, possibly, there be some latent nutritive principle residing in it, let us have it eut—if, under Providence, Indiarubber be destined to supplant buckwheat, in the shape of cakes for breakfast, why all the beter—but rubber be desired to supplied buckwheet, in the shape of cakes for breakfast, why all the better-but do not, in the name of all that is reasonable, do not postrone to it, or to anything that was merely given for food, or raiment, or shelter, mat ers of infinitely more dignity and importance.

None but a patient half dead with bile could give such a berating as follows to

A FASHIONABLE PERACHES.

The blessed sun is out again, at last. We have had a beautifel, tranqui! Sabbath day-went to church his morning. Well, has it done me any good! and lany wiser or better for it! not a whitseed! am I any where or better for it! not a whithout a lam not an inch nearer the kingdom of heaven than before—my own fault, no doubt. I didn't go in the right spirit. I didn't go as a poor, erring samer seemis go, to ask pardon for my offeness, and to return thanks for undeserved benefits—oh, no. I went for exercise, for change of scene, to hear the music, to have my fancy lickled, my wits brightened. I was disappointed, most thoroughly cheated, the atmosphere was opprassive, the music poor, the sermon heavy as lead—I had much better have staved at home, reading Jeremy Taylor—still, I was served.

right. I had no business to go, from such motives. And yet, was it altogether my fault !-! think not-! right: I had no business to go, from such motives. And yet, was it altogether my fault!—I think not—I think the minister himself was quite as much to biame—at least, he seemed to me to be thinking of himself far more than of his Maker—to be more anxious about parading his elocution than about exhibiting the truth. Could a mian really in earnest about the salvation of his own sout, and those of his flock, have read the hymns in that pompous, theatrical style! could he have put up such a petition to the throne of Grare, so stuffed with polysyliables and expletives? What was the use of that long string of attributes, drawled out in that affected way why go into all those historical details! what business had they in a prayer! why that painfally elaborated climax, toward the close! why that awful dropping of the voice at the word Amen! Way, too, spend a good half hour, pining up this vain mass of words, weatying us all out, in body and mind. words, wearying us all out, in body and hen a few brief, carrest, fervent semences when a few brief, earnest, ferrent semences would have been infinitely more edifying to the hearers, more acceptable to God! And above all, how could a paster, worthy of the name, presume to put such torry feed as that upon his sheep, in the way of sermon! Mesger, morerable trash; all noise, wind, gesture, baicest of common-place; not a solitary new idea, not one fresh, fragrant flower of fancy, from beginning to end; a mere shown humburg throughout and yet, strange to say, this man is popular, be has a handsome, well filled church, and a substantial salary. But is it so strange, after all! not a five person, graceful altitudes, a institutivitie is not his linen always spotless? hasn't he always a pleasant word for the women! doesn't he handle the lables admirably, at all constenings doesn't he form a noble figure head for a wedding? Was at. Faul himself at all comparable to him in any of these particulars and are not these gifts quite as acceptable, in this degenerate age, as fervor, piety. these particulars, and are not these sits quite as esceptable, in this degenerate age, as fervor, piety, self-cevotion, thoughts that breathe, and words that burn? I can't help thinking, that if the glorious Apostle were alive to-cay, and were willing to accept a call from this congregation, he wouldn't have the opportunity—three quarters of them would be for retaining the present incumbent: the other would only make them uncomfortable; would be quite too personal would be saying all manner of unpalatable tritating things. He never would consent to having a profane crunkard for an organity he couldn't sit till in his pulpit, while a notor out, shameless harlet was officiating in the choir as first soprano—oh, no, he would be breeding a perfect tunuit in the church, within a week, as it is, things go on smoothly: — minds his own business, and lets the music committee mind theirs, he sticks to his text, never ventures on unwelcome reforms, never handles forbicden topics, and see what a quiet, enug, cozy fock he has of it. Oh, what vile mockery, what heartless, soulless rites are these-ard in how many churches are these munimeries practiced. Sebbath after Sabbath, in the blessed name of Christianity! Are these things so, or am I practiced. Sabbath after Sabbath, in the biessed name of Christianity! Are these things so, or am I a vile slanderer! How many real, devoted Christians were there present this very morning! a poor buker's dezen or so, at most, the rest of us were a mere set of worldings—va. ant, sleepy looking old people, and restless, flippant young ones—haw listless, how indifferent! Had the preacher been enlarging on the properties of contingent remainders, instead of hammering away, as he did, upon the accessity of justification by faith, we couldn't have looked one whit more uninterested or stupid. Had be seene suddenly been changed to the opers, and the scene suddenly been changed to the opera, and had Elisler come bounding on the stage, we'd have all been wide awake in a twinkling, I warrant you—what a stretching forth of necks, what a leveling of opera glasses: or had Burion come rolling in, with his funny face, and his broas jokes, we should have been, instanter, bright as buttons. Oh, what about nable perversion, what an insult to the great founder of our faith, to put his name to such hollow, worthless services as these! Do we not need another Paul, indeed, to stir up these stagnant waters, to alarm these slumbering consciences, to create a thorough revolution and reform in the church! Oh, dear! how delighted we all were to be let out, and to fall back upon the old track—the belies to pick up their back upon the old track—the belies to pick up their beaux, and the elders to talk cotton and politics.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By

Sir James Stephen, 8 vo. pp 710. Harper & Brothers. The author of this volume is neither a Macaulay nor a Bancroft, although we can often trace the influence of each of those writers, in his more ambitious attempts at historical description. He is a sagacious, if not a profound thinker; a shrewd observer of facts, on which he comments with sufficient ingenuity; fully imbued with the spirit of historical research highly conservative in his principles and tastes fa miliar with the best lore of books, and pos sessing many elegant accomplishments; with no marked originality; no depth of philosophic insight; no sympathy with the ideal aspirations of humanity; and expressing himself in a style which is more remarkable for its copiousness and literary coloring, than for its gracefulness, vigor, or point.

Still, we regard the work as an important and valuable acquisition to the historical student. Written with singular impartiality and fairness, it furnishes an instructive and very agreeable guide through the wilderness of the Middle Ages, unfolding the great political events. in which we find the root of modern institutions, genially noticing the most conspicuous points in the development of literature, and sketching, with elaborate pencil, the portraits of many emment characters in statesmanship, letters and war

Mr. Stephen was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in the year 1849, having previously attained the reputation of a learned writer by his miscellaneous contributions to the Edinburgh Review. These lectures were delivered before the students of the University, of whom we are informed that "considerable portion had no acquaintance with any modern language except their own, and that the most popular and elementary French works on the History of France were apparently unknown to a still greater number of them." With such a lamentable and astonishing degree of ignorance on the part of his pupils, it was natural that they should wish for some English book on the subject of French History, which would enable them to prepare for the instructions of the lecture-room. Finding nothing suitable to the purpose in English literature, the author was induced to undertake an introductory course, of which we have the result in the present volume.

The lectures, twenty-four in number, extend from the period of the decline of the Roman despotism, to the close of the age of Louis XIV, including a discussion of the character and influence of Charlemagne, the Crusades, the Re. formation and Religious Wars, the progress of literature in France, and other topics of profound interest.

In three lectures, devoted to "The Power of the Pen in France," Mr. Stephen presents several discriminating sketches of French writers, at different periods, among which those of Abelard, Pascal, Rabelais, and Montaigne are executed with the most success. We make roon for his characterization of Montaigne, which gives a favorable specimen of the general style of the

As in most other tyrannies, so in this, the immediate effect of the servitude into which Calvin had subdued the minds of his disciples was to provoke a favorable revoit. When he was giving his latest touches to his Institution Chréticane, Nichel de Montagne, then in his twenty-second year, had just taken his seat in the Parliament of Bordeaux. That he afterward became a deputy in the States-General of Blois, though maintained by no inconsiderable authorities, seems to me impossible; but it is clear that his carry manhood was devoted to public, and especially to judicial affairs. He was thus brought into centact with the busy world at the flowest of a greater agitation of human society than had occurred since the overthrow of the Roman empire. Marvelous revolutions, and discoveries still more marvelous in the world of letters, of politics, of geography, and of religion, the warfare of impressable passions; the working of whatever is most base and of the most a whit of the apocalyptic visions had passed in rapid succession before the to have fulfilled the most awful of the apocalyptic visions had passed in rapid succession before the ejes of this acute and curious observer. It was an unwelcome and repulsive spectacle. He turned from it to seek the shelter and the repose of his hereditary mansion. In that retirement he indulged or cherished a spirit inflexibly opposed to the spirit by which his native country was convulsed. The age was idolatrous of novelties, and therefore Montaigne I wed in the retrospect of a remote antiquity, it was an age of restless ambition, and therefore he passively committed himself and his fortunes to the current of events. The minds of other men were current of events. The minds of other men were

passionless. Because the times were treacherous, he must ponotificusly cherish his personal honor. Because they were inhuman, he cultivated all the amenities of life. Because calamity swept over the world, he was enabored of Epicurean case. Herolism was the boast of not a few, and to their virtues he paid the homage of an incredibleus obeisance. Boa marism was the habit of very many, and therefore Montaigne must turgenize himself to an almost universal skepticism.

fore Montaigne must surremier himself to an almost universal skeplicism.

The courtast was as capilyating as it was complete. With a temper easily satisfied, with affections as tranquil as they were kindly, with a curlestry ever wakeful, but never imperious, with competency, health, friends, books, and leisure. Montaigne has all the means of happiness which can be brought within the reach of those to whom life is not a self-deaying existence, but a pleasant pastime. Yet, with him, it was the pastime of an active, enlightened, and an table mind. The study of man as a member of society was his chosen pursuit, but he conducted it in a mode altogether his own. The individual man, Michel Montaigne, such as he would be in every imaginable relation and office of society, was the subject of his daily investigation. He became, of all excitets, the most pleasant, versatile and was the subject of his daily investigation. He became, of all excites, the most pleasant, versatile and comprehensive. He produced complete sketches of himself with an air of the most unreserved frankers, and in a tone frequently passing from quiet seriousness to graceful basinage. He describes his assentiates, his homors, his opinions, his frailites, his pursuits and his associates, with the most exuberant certainty of invention, and has wrought out a general delineation of our common humanity from the professed for the professed of the same of the professed of the same of the professed of the same of the professed of the prof and knowledge of a single member of it: the variety is boundless, so is the unity well sis-tailed. His carays are a mirror in which every render reas his own image reflected, but in which he also sees the image of Montaigne reflecting it. reacer sees his own image reflected, but in which also sees the image of Montaigne reflecting it. There he is, ever changing, and yet ever the same. He looks on the world with a calin indifference, which would be repusive were it not corrected by his benevelent curiosity about its history and its prospects. He has not one malignant feeling about him, except fibe toward the tiresome, and especialis toward such of them as provoke his yawas and his resentment by misplaced and by commonplace wisdom. He has a quick relish for pleasure, but with a preference for such pleasures as are social, ineffective and easily procured. He has a love for virtue, but chiefly, if not exclusively, when she exacts no great effort nor any considerable sacrifice. He loves his fellow-men, but does not much or seriously esteem them. He loves study and meditation, but stipulates that they shall expose him to no disagreeable fatigue. He cherishes every temper which makes life pass sociably and pleasantly. He takes things as he finds them in perfect good humor, makes the nest of them all, and never burdens his mind with virtuous indignation, unattainable hopes, or profittees resurts. In short, as exhibited in his

mind with virtuous indignation, unattainable hopes, or profitiess regists. In short, as exhibited in his own self-postrature, he is an Epicurean who knows how to make his better dispositions tributary to his comfort, and also knows how to prevent his evil tempers from troubling his repose.

The picture of himself, which Montaigne thus holds up to his readers as a representation of themselves, is not sublime, nor is it beautiful but it is a striking and a masterly likeness. It is drawn with a striking and a masterly likeness. It is drawn v a striking and a masteriy likeness. It is draw with inimitable grace and freedom, and with the most transparent perspicuity; and they who are best entitled to pronounce such a judgment, admire in his larguage a richness and a curious felicity unknown to any preceding French writers. Even they to whem his tongue is not native can perceive that his style is the casy, the luminous, and the flexible vehicle of his thoughts, had never descendate into yle is the casy, the luminous, and the flexible ve-icle of his thoughts, had never degenerates into a mere a pology for the wait of thought; and that his imagication, without ever disfiguring his ideas, however sharped and however subtle they may be, habitually clothes them with the noblest forms and the nest appropriate coloring.

MEXICO- AZTEC, SPANISH AND REPUBLICAN, By BRANTZ MEYER. In two volumes, 8vo. pp. 433, 308. Hanford S. Drake & Co.

On the various topics of interest connected with Mexico, both in her past history and her present condition, this work is not likely to be superseded as a valuable authority. Its design is comprehensive, covering a large field of important information. Commencing with the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, it relates the history of the country under the Vice Royal Government, describes the Revolution and the War of Independence, gives a sketch of the Empire of Rurbide and the Republic, and closes with the War with Texas and the United States. A full account is given of the geography, antiquities, political divisions, commerce, manufactures, domestic institutions and manners, and military affairs of Mexico, with copious notices of the several States and Territories. The author has enjoyed excellent opportunities for the faithful performance of his task. Formerly Secretary of Legation to Mexico, he has had the benefit of personal observation of the country and its peo ple. In addition to this, he has availed himself of a great mass of information obtained from extensive and assiduous research. Mr. Meyer's style is dowing and readable. Without being a master of the difficult art of historical compo. sition, he has produced a lively and agreeable narrative. His work has the high merit of utility, and will not be neglected by readers in quest of important knowledge.

LECTURES.

MR. EMERSON ON POWER.

The Tabernacle was crowded on Tuesday evening to hear Ralen Walpo Euerson read a led ure in the People's Course upon " Power." The audience was enchained throughout, and the effect of the serene and stately elequence of the lecturer was electrical. We give a cursory abstract of a discourse replete with the profoundest wisdom, and rich with the most penetrant wit. May we not hope that Mr. Emerson will repeat in this City, and be fore long, the course he has lately read in Boston Certainly the numbers, the attention and the enthuslarm of last evening, must have demonstrated the kind and extent of the audience he would assemble

The Lecturer commenced by remarking, that of late he had been oftener a hearer than a speaker at the Lyceum, and was struck by the weighty problems there discussed. The Lyceum will become the antidete to the newspaper. Glad to hear of the interest manifested in the People's Course, he should as sume that the audience came to think, not to be entertained merely. The faculties of a man are indefinite; who shall limit his influence! Some men carry whole nations with them and lead the life of the day and of the hour. Life is a search after Power, which lies in it everywhere. Every noble mind is a seeker, and is satisfied, if out of the mystery of Experience he can compel Power. All great men believe that things go by Law and not by Luc's I intend to speak, said the Lecturer, of no Della Cruscan dream, but of the hard old home we know.

Young orators say the secret of the age is here and there. There is but one secret of all ages, and that is Imbecility ; in most men at all times, and in all men sometimes. The old Doctors decreed courage to be physical, a certain healthy state of the system given, and valor and success followed. All observation at length points to something central, to the fact that all power is of one kind, that he is the man we want who is in sympathy with the course of things. This large and salient nature certifies When James Watt arrives in England, success. England is actually worth more than before. Such men absorb their inferiors; the clerks work for the merchant, the students for the lawyer, &c.

There is always place for a man of force. It is in the world as with boys at school or with cattle in a pen. There must be a trial of strength between the new comer and the old residents. Then all quietly submit. Spare your much discussion of grafting or patching; the point is the thrifty tree. We must have a leader somehow. If the child grieve over defeat he is lost forever. Before the man of this nameless force every obstacle vanishes; hence our troubles about American politics are needless. The half orator, half assassin comes from some Wisconsin and Utah and we dread the end of things. But the stocks do not decline. Like a thrifty tree growing spite of the lice, ice, mice and borers, so we do no suffer from the profligates who batten upon the treasury. The necessities of the case will teach majesty of manners, fast enough.

This power is not amiable; but it brings its own antidote. All power develops together, up and down, hither and thither. The "Bruisers"-men who have roughly ridden over and through things-have their peculiar vices, but their virtues also; and, since Politics are growing mean, when the question is between civility and force I shall not hesitate. As in Politics so in Trade, this power has a strain of fero-

How then shall we deal with this power! Men who have it, burn for adventure. They travel and explore. England is a good animal, and runs up

age. Find a vent for this force. The men whom you would hang at home shall cover you with glory in Mexico. Upon this force, this aboriginal relation with Nature, the people lean, and that is their excellence. The crisis of history is when the savage is ceasing to be a savage. The great triumphs of Peace are when the habit of war is yet fresh.

The lecturer expressed the sincerest humage to Bonapade, the man of the half evotury who most fully illustrated the inspiration of this Power.

Perhaps, he said, this might is more striking when it is manifested in Art or Piety, and he quoted the

adamantine energy of Michael Avgelo. The latter part of the Lecture was devoted to an examination of the two means by which we may accommodate ourselves to this force. The first of these is concentration. Have done with friends, flatteries, books, pleasures, come to the one point, -nhat you can do, however imperfectly, and stick to it. The scattering shot hits no mark. Necessity, said Compbell the Poet, not inspiration, makes me sing. Perioles and Newton said and did the same thing. Rothschild wishes his con to be a business man with heart and soul there is no success for him else. The Lecturer wreathed this thought in its various relations and shadings, with the aptest illustrations.

The second means is Drill. The regular army beats thrice its numbers of undisciplined men-Stumping seven years through England made Cobden an orator. Disraeli could only shake his fiat from a chair during his first speech and roar to the house that roared around him, "one day you shall hear me."

Of the sublime considerations which limit the value of mere talent, the Lecturer said that he could not then speak. They shall have justice done them elsewhere. Every man effects, only as he has this original force. There is no chance in Nature, no more than in the gingham and mustin of the factory. n makir g them, man reproduces himself, minus his follies. Will a man dare to confront a loom ! Let machine meet machine, and watch the issue. More magnificent is a day than any cloth, and we may not hope to conceal the rotten hours we have woven

-Onr abstract will give the reader but an imperfect idea of this beautiful and profound discourse. With Mr. Emerson words are things, every part is essential to the general effect.

THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN DESTINY. LECTURE V BY REV. DR. DEWRY. The Fifth Lecture of this course, deliv-

ered on Tuesday night in the Church of the Messiah, was devoted to a consideration of the complex nature of man, consisting of soul and body, as adapted to his spiritual culture. This condition of his being gave rise to the different ages of life. In each of these, we may notice tendencies, which show the care of Providence for the development of character. Childhood is comparatively free from selfishness and sensuality. Its faults are on the surface. Instances of falsehood do not harden into habitual prevarication. On the approach to manhood, a great change takes place. The looks, the voice, the temper, the manners, the intellect show that a new stage of existence has been reached. The era of individual, independent action commences. Deprived of the guidance by which he has thus far been reared, man is thrown upon his own resources. Old age succeeds in which he is prepared to renounce this form of being. It is the sacred transition to the unseen world. Under this head Dr. D. administered a rebuke to the prevailing habit of society, by which the old are permitted to slide out of influence and notice. He would not have society so exclusively in the hands of the young. It was a bad symptom when different age, were separated in social pleasures. A man ought not to say I am getting old-I will therefore retire from the active interests of society, -and let my place be filled by those who are younger and brighter than my self. Old age even has its peculiar beauty, which Dr. D. said he was almost inclined to prefer to that of youth. The form venerable with the dignity of many years-the mind ripened in the school of experience-the manners chastened by a long acquaintance with human nature into considerate courtesy,these naturally awaken a sentiment of reverence and can be regarded by none but a vulgar mind without emotion

The complex nature of man, moreover, places him in society, with all its comprehensive and powerful influences. This was the grand educator of the race. Some of its features have been considered unfavorable to human development, such as its relfishness, its inequalities, its competition, and its solidarity. But the ill-effects of these had been greatly exaggerated. Wealth and rank are the obects of strong aversion with many : they have been called in question by the moralist, ridiculed by the satirist, and abused by the cynic. But they form a part of the inevitable system of inequality which prevails in the world. I am opposed, indeed, said Dr. D. to the possession of hereditary wealth, founded on a system of entails. But where every man has a fair chance, no hurtful inequalities can exfit. And you cannot do them away. Make all men equal to-morrow, they would at once change places, and the old distinctions would return. Not was competition to rife as it was often stated. There was little of it in the country. It was almost exclusively confined to cities. The farmer was content to till his ground, without envying the crops of his neighbor. And without any competition, what

fata' stagnation would ensue The influence of sex, and family, was then treated by Dr. D. tegether with the bond and balance arising from man's complex nature, but the crowder state of our columns compels us to limit our report to the above imperfect sketch.

WASHINGTON.

The Compromise and Union Party-The North and the Presidency. Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. WASHINGTON, Monday, Feb. 9, 1852.

The Fugitive Slave law is nor in the way of electing a President by NORTHERN votes.

Did it never occur to that portion of the country lying south of Mason and Dixon's line, that things are rapidly tending to the formation of Sectional parties? Can any thinking man, with his eyes open to the progress of events, fail to see in the restlessness and disintegration of parties which has manifested and is now maniesting itself in the North and in the South, the strong tendency to new combinations of the old elements of which they are and have been composed? Do not all the signs point to this-that but little is wanted to make the North a unit, and but little is wanted to make the South a unit on the Slavery question? We do not mean to say that it would be easy to convert the North into a great Abolition party. By no means. But only that it would not be difficult to concentrate the North on the ground of her right to assert and to vote her convictions on the subject of Slavery, in Congress, in defiance of all oppo

There has been a great effort made since Gen TAYLOR's death, on the part of the Administration, Mr. WEBSTER, Mr. CLAY, and various distinguished gentlemen on the other side, to form a Compromise or Union party; which, being interpreted, means a Northern party of controlling force, that shall succumb to the demands of the South on the subject of Slavery, up to a certain point. There is, to be sure, an extreme Slavery party at the South which refuses to be satisfied with so much concession as the Union or Compromise party is disposed to make. But this argues nothing against our position, the truth of which is made abundantly manifest in the daily walk and conversation of the aforesaid party. it demends, not that the South shall do anything er refrain from doing anything, but that the North shall refrain, by word and deed, from agitating the Slavery question.

The Compromisers allege that this question has been settled, and that it must not be again all the mountains and goes for the North-west Pas- disturbed from the eternal sleep to which it is bring Congress to a consideration of its precent-

declared it has been legally consigned. There must be nothing said about the Fugitive Slave Law, nothing about the abolition of Slavery in the District, nothing about any renewed effort that may be made to introduce Slavery into the Territories, and we presume, (for the whole ground is covered,) that there shall be no petitions presented or received upon any phase of the subject of Slavery whatever. " No Agitation " " No Agitation " " No AGITATION !" must mean this. if it means anything.

Well, what success has this party mot with backed, as it has been, by the powerful names and determined efforts of the two most distinguished men of the country and the entire influence of the existing Administration, and a large majority of the last Congress ! Has it been such as to warrant the conclusion that the North approves such a compromise! Where is the stolidity that would declare this ! Do not both parties in the Northhandle the Compromise question as one would handle a hot iron? Does not everybody know that both parties stand upon the ground of a reluctant acquiescence in it, and that it is everywhere just such an acquiescence as every man gives to what he dislikes but cannot help " But where are the Compromise men per se from the North, either in Congress or out of it? They do not number one man in ten. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that in the whole North, but most especially in the Whig party of the North,-and we take the members of Congress for an illustration of our asssertion, - that that class of menknown as " Compromise men " have no strength whatever, numerically or politically, when compared with the great body of the party. We point to this as a most significant com-

mentary upon the general tendency and direction of opinion in the North. Notwithstanding all the influences that have been brought to bear upon the public sentiment, through the pulpit, through a subsidized religious and secular press, through the money power of the trading circles of the great cities and of the Cottonocracy generally; and above all and over all, in the direct political patronage of all branches of the Administration, given and withheld, aided by a strong pressure of political considerations operating upon the timid and the mercenary of all parties to make them yield their convictions to the alleged necessities of the time and their own pre. sumed future well being, all combined in one vast force under the generalship of Mr. CLAY and Mr. WEBSTER, and marched to the onset with a determination to produce an overwhelming discomfiture of all opposition; notwithstand, ing all this, the great public sentiment of the North has borne the full brunt of the shock, and to-day, after enduring eighteen months of this kind of pressure, rises elastic and undamaged, green, vigorous, and hopeful-nine-tenths of it in full opposition to any approval of either the men or the measures of the so-called "adjustment."

Now it is in view of these facts, for the truth of which we appeal to the convictions of Southern gentlemen, (who are in a position to judge,) Compromisers and all; who know it, whether they will acknowledge it or not; that we base our declaration, that but slight causes are wanting to precipitate the North into one great sectional party on the subject of Slavery, and the consequent election of a President by North-ERN votes.

Let us make a few suppositions by way of 1 lustration.

Suppose the Opposition Baltimore Convention exhibits, as it probably will, a decided Southern leaning, (as it may do either with or without indorsing the "Compromise,") in their general proceedings, resolutions, nominations, &c.; and suppose that after this, and quickly following, the Whig Convention at Baltimore should meet and nominate General Scott, as he stands, without pledges, without protestations, without allusion to the "Compromise" in any form whatever; and suppose that, as a consequence of this, the Delegates of the Southern States. headed by Mr. Cabell, of Florida, whom we understand to demand a special pledge of Gen. Scorr to support the Fugitive Slave Law, should bolt the nomination, and leave the Convention, declaring their determination not to support the nomince.

We modestly ask to be told, what would be likely to follow such a demonstration ! Would not the unreasonableness of the thing impetuously rouse the whole North to an unshaken determination to elect Gen. Scott upon the very grounds chosen by the South to defeat him! We suggest the inquiry as being one of no small significance, both in regard to the next election of President and the future organization of parties. We maintain that it is easy, in the present condition of things, to start a powerful sectional party, and that the prespect would be good for its success even at the first campaign. But whether it were so or not, if started under such favorable circumstances as we have suggested, it would present a most formidable, and perhaps we ought to say, an alarming front.

Now we submit that the Northern Whigs have a right to demand of their Southern allies that they shall not be forced into any such unnatural and unwelcome position.

Where is the patriotic man who desires to see sectional parties formed in this nation? Who wishes to see Northern Whigs and Southern Whigs fighting in opposing ranks upon a great and vital question sure to result in the most embittered animosities? Who wishes to see the North arrayed against the South, and the South arrayed against the North on a question of such painful magnitude, and such essential consequence to the South, as the subject of Slavery? We have an abiding conviction, to be sure, that even in such a contest, if the North were successful, it would not be unmindful of the demands of justice and the obligations of constitutional duty. But the inevitable result of sectional parties must be to imperil our political

The Tariff-North American and Europeas . Railway-Gen. Cass, &c. Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribane.

union and greatly to weaken our fraternal ties.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1852. A movement was made in the House yesterday, by Mr. WELCH, of Ohio, on the Tariff question, but it found no favor. The mover was of opinion that the question (like a large proportion of sujects coming suddenly upon the House) was not understood by the members. This is

charitable. A motion of Mr. WASHBURN, of Me., to suspend the rules for the purpose of introducing . memorial, praying the consideration of Congress toward the great enterprise of the European and North American Railway, met with no better

While the States in which the public lands lie are pressing their gigantic schemes of improvement upon the attention of Congress, and btaining grants of vast portions of the public domain to aid in the construction of railways, and for other purposes, it would seem not inappropriate for the projectors of the great international work here spoken of, to endeavor to